


[To be Continued Monday.]

"I have, but I cannot accept the theory. It was an eminent author who spoke."

"How so?" asked the mad doctor some what testily.

"Well, that sort of thing might be likely to be done in the solitude of the American back woods, where a man, having murdered his victims, might return unobserved by the well known lair: but in a crowded city like London, where every one is on the lookout and where very one suspects the other of being the murderer, such a man could not pass unnoticed. He must, live somewhere, and his daily habits would, I presume, be in wide discrepancy to those of the day or night



"HEAR ME OUT," SHARPLY SAID THE AUTHOR.

oddy of manner. No, sir, unless your man possesses the ring of Gyges and has the power of making himself invisible at will

cannot see how your theory can hold good.
"What is your theory, then?" said the doctor, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.
"Well, to tell the truth, I have no particular theory; but these murders remind me of a strange affair that occurred in Paris some five and twenty years ago; and the solution of that mystery may possibly apply to the present case."
He paused, and the members drew nearer to hear what he had to say.
[To be Continued Monday.]